The advent of the civil war disrupted this meteoric rise and appeared to have put paid to his ambition. During the three years of the war, he was arrested and put in prison by his northern friends who were concerned for his safety if he attempted to flee back down south. He was released from prison at the end of the war in 1970 by his friend Col. Ochefu of the Nigerian Army.

Never a man to retire to despondency, he soon picked up the pieces after the skirmishes. By 1971, he was back in Jos as Manager and sales factor for the entire Northeast region of Rutam motors. His job took him all over the country selling cars, trucks and monitoring sales and customers. It was during one of such trip to Benin in1971 that he met his second wife Gladys nee Ogbue of Obankpa. Though the union was shortlived, it produced his second son Jude Ifeanyi, before they parted ways in 1973. In1972 while still with Rutam motors Jos, he met his third wife Martha nee Linus of the royal house of Ampa in Pankshin, Plateau state who incidentally shares the same village with the former head of state General Yakubu Gowon. This union was to producing a daugther, Fidelia.

Convinced that he could only realise his ambitions faster without the restriction of paid employment, he incorporated his own companies; Federation Industrial Manufacturers Ltd and F. I. Mok & Sons Ltd in 1973.Since then, there was no looking back nor lull in activities for this man of Herculean stature.

He got his companies registered for federal government contracts and cultivated friends and contacts in the highest levels of the different sectors of the economy. His company was responsible for the redecoration of the National Assembly complex Lagos, part of the construction work of the 1004 legislators quarters Lagos, which was originally constructed to quarter the second republic legislators. Some of his jobs also include the prefab structures of the gigantic Ojo military cantonment Lagos, building of Post Offices nationwide. Thus his friends fondly called him "Contractor of the National Assembly".

BIOGRAPHY

His romance in the different corridors of power earned him powerful friends among the Army top brass, top civil servants, legislators, judiciary and the diplomatic corps. These contracts were to serve him very well in his business life, where he made a success of his chosen endeavour. He was a widely travelled man who at the peak of his business life had interest in Britain, Japan and Brasil.

As the popular cliché says "all work no play makes Jack a dull boy," Chief F.I .Mok lived life to the full. He was a notable socialite, hobnobbing with the cream of society as member of the prestigious Ikoyi club, the Island club and the Lagos country club Ikeja. He hosted friends, foreign and indigenous at the Federal Palace Hotels, Ikoyi club and other Gala places.

He was a man of many responsibilities; He assumed the responsibility of taking chieftaincy titles for his father and his brothers. He also personally assumed responsibility for the upkeep and education of nephews, nieces and other members of the extended family, many of whom lived with him till adulthood. He catered for and helped to establish his brothers and sisters. He was a philanthropist and a benefactor who gave without recourse to returns. He devoted a large chunk of his wealth to furthering God's work. The listing of name in the Roll of Honour Plague at St. Dominic Catholic Church Yaba is an eloquent testimony to his philanthropic and charitable disposition.

He was a loving father and caring husband. Though he never spare any member of his family the rod, and the family recognised the strict disciplinarian that he was, he gave them the best in life. He sent his children to the best schools and gave them the opportunity to hobnob with the cream of the society. He wined and dined the family in most exotic places in the land, exposing them to the joy of hard work.

He retired from active service in 1988 to be with his family, with whom he had been until his transition to glory in January 27, 2002.

Surely, this Colossus, left indelible footprints in the sands of time.